

## Rum Runners

Gaelic Storm

From Bimini to the Jersey Shore they ran their sacred mission  
To help the poor unfortunates, oppressed by the Prohibition  
When the Puritans in politics began to play their dirty tricks  
And outlaw every thing that we enjoy  
Rum boats ahoy  
We're gonna get ourselves a drop of the Real McCoy

Chorus:

Rum runner, rum runner  
Run your rum right up the line  
Rum runner, rum runner  
Rum, whiskey, gin and rye  
Run rum runners run  
We're running dry  
We're running dry

Three miles off the shoreline waits the infamous 'Rum Row'  
Well if it's gambling, or girls, or drink you want just ask 'Havana Joe'  
You won't be taxed so never mind, and once you've left the law behind  
You can have it all, whatever is your vice  
Just name your price  
It's a free and easy floating paradise

(Chorus)

Well the boats come up from Charleston, and down from Gloucester Bay  
They're giving out free samples boys, and the party's underway  
Somebody brought a Calypso band,  
It's loud enough to hear on land  
And the hold is filled with barrels fit to burst  
To quench our thirst  
If the excise cutters don't get to it first

(Chorus)

The shore patrol is on the way, our machine gun's at the ready  
God help us if we need it now, our hands are none too steady  
Uncle Sam is closing in, to take our women, take our gin  
You've bled us dry with all your revenues  
What's left to lose?  
You can take our lives but you'll never take our booze